

806

THE  
T W I N S;  
O R,  
WHICH IS WHICH?  
A  
F A R C E  
IN  
THREE ACTS.

ALTERED FROM

*H. Shakespeare (M.)*

SHAKESPEARE'S *COMEDY of ERRORS.*

By W. WOODS.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL, EDINBURGH.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for T. CADELL, LONDON;  
and C. ELLIOT, EDINBURGH.

MDCCCLXX.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

T. W. L. S.

WHICH IS WHICH

T. A. L.



BRITISH MUSEUM

BY W. WOODS

As a gift to the

EDINBURGH

EDINBURGH

Printed for T. CADDELL, London,  
and C. HILLIOT, Edinburgh.

MDCCCXXX

Price One Shilling

[ vi ]  
Advertifement to the Reader.

THE *Comedy of Errors* as given us by its Author, notwithstanding the Whim and Pleasantry of its Plot and Incidents, was still so clogged by Quibble, Rhyme, and even the grossest Indelicacy, that it was denied a Place among the other acting Pieces on the Stage. The Editor wished to remove these Objections to its Merits, which however could not extinguish them. But in expunging the exceptionable Parts, he found so much would be taken away, that it would become necessary, either to substitute a great deal, in Place of *Shakespeare*, to preserve the Comedy in its original Form of *Five Acts*, or else to reduce it into *Three*, as an After-piece. The latter he thought the more humble, and the more practicable Task: And he was further induced to adopt that Plan, by an Opinion he had long entertained, that the Characters and Incidents in general of this entertaining Piece would rank with much more Propriety under the Title of *Farce* than of Comedy. It would also, he thought, obtain a great Advantage in Representation by being shortened: For the Similarity of Character, and quick Succession of Mistakes, must render the Subject very liable to pall upon an Audience during an Exhibition of Five Acts; whereas, by being reduced to Three, the Judgment will not be so much offended, having less Time to reflect on the Improbability of the Events; besides



besides allowing to them, as *farcical*, a much greater Licence. He has, however, endeavoured to preserve whatever was worthy of Attention, and to use the Pruning-Knife only to make the Shoots of Genius spring forth more vigorously. He has added little of his own, except where it was necessary in transposing or altering Speeches for better Effect, in ridding others of the Incumbrance of Jingle, or in connecting Passages rendered distant by proper Omissions. He leaves the Occasions of such Alterations and Additions to the Observation of the critical Reader, and submits the whole to the Candour of the Public.

PRO-



# P R O L O G U E.

Written by MR WOODS.

Spoken by MRS SMITH.

*WELL, I declare 'tis monstrous strange to Me,  
That Custom and the Poets shou'd decree,  
The Men, so pliant in these tonish Days,  
They yield in most Things even Wives their Ways,  
In Stage Affairs shou'd break thro' all Decorum,  
And constantly in Prologue step before 'em;—  
As if such antiquated Rudeness carry'd,  
Old Pro. and Epilogue were long since marry'd.*

*Our Bardling, Ladies, better knows his Cue,  
And pays the due Respect to me—and You;  
Disclaims the Rule Politeness wou'd impede,  
And vides the Female, as she ought, to lead—  
Nor thinks you, wiser Men, will ere refuse  
The Def'rence shewn to Females—by the Muse.*

*I'm sure, at least, when Beauty gives the Hollo,  
There's not a Sportsman but with Joy wou'd follow!*

*The blust'ring Soldier, rugged in Command,  
Whose Lion-Rage no Foe cou'd e'er withstand;  
Ere Chloe yields, must quite exhaust his Skill,  
And, like her Lap-dog, follow, follow still!*

*The*

*The Senator, caught fast in Cupid's Wiles,  
Miscalcates the Votes—and reckons Cælia's Smiles;—  
And lost to Taxes—Civil List—Devotion,  
Cries, "Curse the Filt—she negatives my MOTION!"*

*What Pow'r, what Spirit had inform'd these Nations,  
Had female Patriots form'd Affociations!  
No Protefts, then, had Ministers obtain'd,  
When Posts so charming fairly might be gain'd;  
Where Looks had prov'd a Sheriff's best Direction,  
Nods, COUNTY MEETINGS;—Smiles, an  
INSURRECTION!*

*But most the Poet ought to court the Fair,  
Who give the Inspiration which they share;—  
Whose Mercy shines o'er all their other Deeds,  
Mercy—the sinning Bard so often needs:—  
Like YOU, we Women aim at Pride the Blow,  
Like YOU, we always spare a conquer'd Foe!*

*Since Mercy, then, is Woman's choicest Right,  
Shew it the humble Suppliant of To-night:  
'Tis YOU, ye Fair, he wishes most to please,  
And, next to you, I need not say—'tis THESE.—  
He aims, to clear a rich and fertile Ground  
Of Weeds, that chok'd the Beauties all around:—  
One Stem of Worth from thence he wou'd not tear—  
If he has done it, 'twas from Over-care.—  
But if from Shakespeare's Gold and mixt Allay,  
He brings the Gold, and throws but Drojs away;  
'Tis Your's to sanction the corrected Mass,—  
Give it the Sterling Mark, and bid it pass.*

# DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MR. HALLAM.	Duke of Ephesus.
MR. SMITH.	Doctor.
MR. WOODS.	Antipholus of Ephesus.
MR. CAUTHERLEY.	Antipholus of Syracuse.
MR. BAILEY.	Dromio of Ephesus.
MR. CHALMERS.	Dromio of Syracuse.
MR. LANE.	Angelio.
MR. TAYLOR.	Balthazar.
MR. LYON.	First Merchant.
MR. WOOD.	Second Merchant.
MR. CHARTRIS.	Doctor Pinch.
MR. COLBY.	Officer.
MRS. MONTAGUE.	Emilia.
MRS. SMITH.	Adriana.
MISS MILLS.	Luciana.
MRS. BAILEY.	Hostess.

Scene, Ephesus.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE of EPHEBUS,	MR HALLION.
ÆGEON, - -	MR SMITH.
ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS,	MR WOODS.
ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE,	MR CAUTHERLEY.
DROMIO of EPHEBUS,	MR BAILEY.
DROMIO of SYRACUSE,	MR CHALMERS.
ANGELO, - -	MR LANE.
BALTHAZAR, -	MR TAYLOR.
FIRST MERCHANT, -	MR LYON.
SECOND MERCHANT,	MR WOOD.
DOCTOR PINCH, -	MR CHARTERIS.
OFFICER, - -	MR COLBY.
ÆMILIA, - -	MRS MONTAGUE.
ADRIANA, -	MRS SMITH.
LUCIANA, - -	MISS MILLS.
HOSTESS, -	MRS BAILEY.

*Scene, EPHEBUS.*

# THE T W I N S.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Duke's Palace.*

*Enter the DUKE, ÆGEON, JAILOR, and Attendants.*

DUKE.

**M**ERCHANT of *Syracusa*, plead no more;  
For since the mortal and intestine Jars  
'Twixt thy seditious Countrymen and Us,  
It hath in solemn Synods been decreed,  
If ever any *Syracusan* born  
Come to the Bay of *Ephesus*, he dies,—  
His Goods confiscate to the Duke's Dispose;  
Unless a thousand Marks be levied  
To quit the Penalty, and ransom him.  
Thy Substance, valu'd at the highest Rate,  
Cannot amount unto a hundred Marks;  
Therefore, by Law thou art condemn'd to die.

ÆGEON.

Death brings me Comfort, for it ends my Woes!

DUKE.

Well, *Syracusan*, say, in brief, the Cause  
That brought thee rashly into *Ephesus*.

B

ÆGEON.

ÆGEON.

In *Syracusa* was I born, and wed  
 Unto a Woman—happy but for me!  
 With her I liv'd in Joy; our Wealth increas'd,  
 By prosperous Ventures which I often made  
 To *Epidamnus*; till my Factor's Death  
 Drew me from kind Embracements of my Spouse;  
 From whom my Absence was not six Months old,  
 Before herself, now sometime gone with Child,  
 Had made Provision for her following me,  
 And soon and safe arrived where I was.  
 There she had not been long but she became  
 The joyful Mother of two goodly Sons;  
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,  
 They cou'd not be distinguish'd but by Names.  
 That very Hour, and in the self-same House,  
 A poor mean Woman was delivered  
 Of such a Burden, male Twins, both alike:  
 These, for their Parents were exceeding poor,  
 I bought, and brought up to attend my Sons.  
 My Wife, with reason proud of two such Boys,  
 Made daily Motions for our Home return;  
 Unwilling, I agreed: alas, too soon,  
 We came aboard!——

DUKE.

Say, what was the Event?—

ÆGEON.

We scarce had sail'd a League from *Epidamnus*,  
 When



When the calm Sea to Mountain-billows swell'd;  
And, buffeted by jarring Waves and Winds,  
Our Bark became, at length, unmanageable.—  
The Sailors fought for Safety by their Boat,  
And left the almost-sinking Ship to us.  
My Wife, more careful of the elder born,  
Had fastened him unto a small spare Mast,  
Such as seafaring Men provide for Storms;  
To him one of the other Twins was bound,  
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.  
The Children thus dispos'd, my Wife and I  
Fasten'd ourselves at either End the Mast,  
And floating on obedient to the Waves,  
With Morning's wish'd-for Light discovered  
Two Ships from far making amain to us;  
But ere they came—Oh let me say no more!

DUKE.

Nay, forward, old Man; do not break off so.—

ÆGEON.

Before the Ships cou'd meet by twice five Leagues,  
We were encount' red by a mighty Rock,  
Which being violently borne upon,  
Our helpless Ship was splitted in the Midst.  
The Part to which my Wife and Son were fix'd  
Was carry'd with more Speed before the Wind,  
And in our Sight they three were taken up,  
By Fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.  
At length another Ship had seiz'd on us;

B 2

And

And knowing whom it was their hap to save,  
 Gave helpful Welcome to their shipwreck'd Guests,  
 And brought us safely into *Syracusa*.  
 Thus by Misfortunes was my Life prolong'd,  
 To tell sad Stories of my own Mishaps!

DUKE.

And for the Sakes of them thou sorrow'st for,  
 Tell me, what hath befall'n of them till now?

ÆGEON.

My youngest Boy, and yet my eldest Care,  
 At eighteen Years became inquisitive  
 After his Brother,  
 And importun'd me, that his Twin Attendant  
 Might bear him Company in quest of him;  
 Whom, whilst I labour'd of a Love to see,  
 I hazarded the Loss of whom I lov'd.  
 Five Summers have I spent in Farthest *Greece*,  
 Roaming quite thro' the Wilds of *Asia*,  
 And, coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus*,  
 Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unfought  
 Or that, or any Place that harbours Men—  
 But here must end the Story of my Life;  
 And happy were I in my timely Death,  
 Could all my Travels warrant me they live!—

DUKE.

Hapless *Ægeon*!—Tho' I cannot pardon,  
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can:

I therefore, Merchant, limit thee this Day,  
 To seek thy Life by beneficial Help:  
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the Sum,  
 And live;—if not, then art thou doom'd to die!  
 Jailor, take him to thy Custody.

[*Exeunt Duke and Train.*]

ÆGEON.

Hopeless and helpless doth *Ægeon* go  
 But to procrastinate his wretched End.

[*Exeunt Ægeon, Jailor, &c.*]

SCENE, *The Street.*

*Enter* ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE, FIRST MERCHANT, and DROMIO.

FIRST MERCHANT.

Therefore, give out you are of *Epidamnum*,  
 Lest that your Goods too soon be confiscated;  
 There is your Money that I had to keep.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Go, bear it to the *Centaur* where we host,  
 And stay there, *Dromio*, till I come to thee;  
 Get thee away.

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Many a Man would take you at your Word  
 And go indeed, having so good a Means.—

[*Exit Dromio.*]

ANTI-



ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

A trusty Villain, Sir, that very oft  
Lightens my Humour with his merry Jests.  
What, will you walk with me about the Town,  
And then go to the Inn and dine with me?

FIRST MERCHANT.

I am engag'd to certain Friends to Dinner;  
At Five o'Clock, please you, I'll meet with you  
Upon the Mart.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Till then, farewell.——

FIRST MERCHANT.

Sir, I commend you to your own Content.

[Exit.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE *solus*.

He that commends me to my own Content,  
Commends me to the Thing I cannot get:  
I to the World am like a Drop of Water,  
That in the Ocean seeks another Drop,  
Who falling there to find his Fellow forth,  
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:  
So I, to find a Brother and a Mother,  
In quest of them, unhappy lose myself!

*Enter* DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

What now—how chance thou art return'd so soon!

DROMIO

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late.—  
The Capon burns, the Pig falls from the Spit,  
The Clock has stricken One by the Town-clock—  
My Mistress made it Two upon my Cheek.—

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Stop in your Wind, Sir; tell me this, I pray,  
Where have you left the Money that I gave you?

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

Oh!—Sixpence, that I had a Wedn'day last  
To pay the Sadler for my Mistress' Crupper;  
The Sadler had it, Sir, I kept it not.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

I am not in a sportive Humour now;  
Therefore, Sir Knave, have done your Foolishness,  
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy Charge?

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

My Charge was but to fetch you from the Mart  
Home to your House, the *Phoenix*, Sir, to Dinner;  
My Mistress and her Sister stay for you.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Now, as I am a Christian, answer me  
In what safe Place you have bestow'd my Money,  
Or I shall break that merry Sconce of your's;—  
Where are the thousand Marks thou hadst of me?

DROMIO

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

I have some Marks of your's upon my Pate,  
Some of my Mistress's Marks upon my Shoulders,  
But not a thousand Marks between you both;—  
If I should pay your Worship those again,  
Perchance you will not bear 'em patiently.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

What, wilt thou jeer me unto my Face,  
Being forbid!—There take you that, Sir Knave!  
[Beats him.

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

What mean you, Sir? for Heav'n's sake hold your  
Hand!

Nay if you will not—I must take my Heels.—

[Exit Dromio.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Upon my Life, by some Device or other,  
The Villain is o'er-raught of all my Money;  
They say, this Town is full of Cozenage:  
I'll to the *Centaur*, to find out the Slave—  
I greatly fear my Money is not safe! [Exit.

SCENE,



SCENE, a Hall in the House of ANTIPHOLIS  
of EPHEBUS.*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

ADRIANA.

Neither my Husband, nor the Slave return'd  
That in such Haste I sent to seek his Master?  
Sure, *Luciana*, it is Two o'Clock!

LUCIANA.

Perhaps some Merchant hath invited him,  
And from the Mart he's somewhere gone to Dinner;  
Good Sister, let us dine, and never fret.

ADRIANA.

Look, when I serve *him* so, he takes it ill.

LUCIANA.

Oh, but you know he is your Lord and Master!

ADRIANA.

They can be meek, who have no other Cause—  
But were you fretted in the same Degree,  
As much as me, perhaps, you wou'd complain.

LUCIANA.

Well, I'll be marry'd one Day—but to try:  
Here comes your Man—*Antipholis* is near.

C

*Enter*

*Enter DROMIO of EPHESUS.*

ADRIANA.

Say, is your tardy Master now at Hand?

DROMIO of EPHESUS.

Nay, he's at two Hands with me;  
And that, my two Ears can witness.

ADRIANA.

Say, didst thou speak with him; know'st thou  
his Mind?

DROMIO of EPHESUS.

Ay, ay, he told his Mind upon my Ear—  
Beswore his Hand, I scarce cou'd *understand* it!

ADRIANA.

But say, I prythee, is he coming Home?—  
It seems he hath great Care to please his Wife!

DROMIO of EPHESUS.

Why Mistress, sure my Master is Horn-mad!—

ADRIANA.

Horn-mad, what mean'st thou?

DROMIO of EPHESUS.

Not Cuckold-mad—but certain he is stark-mad.  
When I desir'd him to come Home to Dinner,

He

He ask'd me for a Thousand Marks in Gold.  
 'Tis Dinner-time, quoth I.—My Gold, quoth he.  
 Your Meat is burnt, quoth I.—My Gold, quoth he.  
 Will you come Home? quoth I.—My Gold, quoth he;  
 Where are the Thousand Marks I gave thee, Villain?  
 The Pig, quoth I, is burnt!—My Gold, quoth he.  
 My Mistrefs, Sir, quoth I—Hang up thy Mistrefs!  
 I know not thy Mistrefs—out on thy Mistrefs!

LUCIANA.

Quoth who?

DROMIO of EPHESUS.

Quoth my Master.—

I know, quoth he, no House, no Wife, no Mistrefs.  
 So that my Errand, due unto my Tongue,  
 I thank him, I did bear upon my Shoulders,—  
 For, in Conclusion, he did beat me there.

ADRIANA.

Go back again, thou Slave, and fetch him Home.

DROMIO of EPHESUS.

Go back again, and be new beaten Home?—  
 For Heav'n's Sake send some other Messenger!

ADRIANA.

Back, Slave, or I will break thy Pate across!

DROMIO of EPHESUS.

And he will bless that Cross with other beating;



Between ye, I shall have a holy Head.

ADRIANA.

Hence, prating Peasant, fetch thy Master Home!

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

Am I so round with you as you with me,  
That like a Foot-ball you do spurn me thus?  
You spurn me hence, and he'll spurn me hither;  
If I last in this Service—you must case me in Leather.

*[Exeunt Adriana and Luciana at one door,  
Dromio of Ephesus at another.]*

SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE,

The Gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up  
Safe at the *Centaur*:—This is very strange—  
By Computation, and my Host's Report,  
I could not speak with *Dromio* since at first  
I sent him from the Mart—Oh, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE,

How now, Sir, is your merry Humour alter'd?  
As you love Strokes, so jest with me again.

You

You know no *Centaur*, you receiv'd no Gold,  
Your Mistress sent to have me Home to Dinner;  
My House was at the *Phoenix*—Wast thou mad,  
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

I did not see you, since you sent me hence  
Home to the *Centaur*, with the Gold you gave me.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Villain, thou didst deny the Gold's Receipt,  
And toldst me of a Mistress and a Dinner;  
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

I'm glad to see you in this merry Vein;  
What means this Jest?—I pray you, Master, tell me.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Think'st thou I jest!—there then take that and that.

[Beats him.]

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Hold, Sir, for Heav'n's Sake!—now your Jest is  
Earnest,

Upon what Bargain do you give it me?

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Because that I familiarly sometimes  
Do use you for my Fool, and chat with you,  
Your Sauciness will jest upon my Love:

If

If you will jest with me, know my Aspect,  
And fashion your Demeanor to my Looks,—  
Or, I will beat this Method in your Sconce.

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Sconce, call you it? So you wou'd leave beating,  
I had rather have it a head.—An you use these  
Blows long, I must get a Sconce for my Head, and  
insconce it too,—or else I shall seek my Wit in my  
Shoulders.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Well, Sir, learn to jest in good Time—there's  
A Time for all Things.

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

I durst have deny'd that, before you were so  
choleric.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

But, soft, who wafts us yonder?—

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

ADRIANA.

Ay, ay, *Antipholis*, look strange and frown—  
Some other Mistress hath thy sweet Aspects;  
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy Wife!

ANTI-



ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Plead you to me, fair Dame? I know you not:

LUCIANA.

Fy, Brother, how the World is chang'd with you!  
When were you wont to use my Sister thus?  
She sent for you by *Dromio* Home to Dinner.

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

By me!——

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Did you converse, Sir, with this Gentlewoman?

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

I! Sir?—I never saw her before in my Life!

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Villain thou liest, for even those very Words  
Didst thou deliver me upon the Mart.

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Sir, I never spoke with her in all my Life!

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

How can she then thus call us by our Names,  
Unless it be by Inspiration?——

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Yes, it's by Conjurat[i]on.——

ADRIANA.

ADRIANA.

How ill agrees it with your Gravity,  
To Counterfeit thus grossly with your Slave,  
Abetting him to thwart me in my Mood;  
Fie, Husband, fie!

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

What Error drives our Eyes and Ears amiss?—  
What, was I marry'd to her in my Dream,  
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?

ADRIANA.

Come, come, no longer will I be a Fool;  
I see you want to put a Trick upon me—  
Come, Sir, to Dinner;—*Dromio*, keep the Gate.  
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,

[*Leaning fondly upon him.*]

And thrive you of a thousand idle Pranks.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Am I on Earth, in Heaven, or in Hell?—  
Until I know this sure Uncertainty,  
I'll in this Mist, at all Adventures, go.

ADRIANA.

Sirrah, if any ask you for your Master,  
Say he dines forth, and let no Creature enter:  
Come, Sister—*Dromio*, play the Porter well—

—*DROMIO*

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Shall I be Porter, Master, at the Gate?

ADRIANA.

Ay, let none enter, lest I break your Pate.

LUCIANA.

Come, come, *Antipholis*, we dine too late.

[*Exit Antipholis between  
Adriana and Luciana.*]

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

[*Looking after them.*]

This is the Fairy-land: Oh Spight of Spights,  
We talk with Goblins, Owls, and elvish Sprights!  
If we obey them not, this will ensue,  
They'll suck our Breath, and pinch us black and blue.

[*Exit running.*]

SCENE, *The Street before the House of AN-  
TIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS, DROMIO of E-  
PHEBUS, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.*

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

Good Signior *Angelo*, you must excuse us,  
My Wife is shrewish when I keep not Hours—  
Say that I linger'd with you at your Shop,

D

To



To see the making of the Toy I spoke for,  
 And that To-morrow you will bring it Home.—  
 But here's a drunken Slave wou'd face me down  
 He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him,  
 And charg'd him with a Thousand Marks in Gold!

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

Indeed you did, Sir—  
 If my Skin were Parchment, and the Blows you  
 gave me were Ink, your own Hand-writing wou'd  
 bear Witness to it.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

Sirrah! you are an Afs.—

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

Yes, Sir, it's plain I am a Beast of Burthen.  
 [*Feeling his Shoulders.*]

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

Gentlemen, come on—I wish our Cheer within  
 May answer my good Will, and your good Welcome.  
 But soft, my Door is lock'd; go, bid them let us in.

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

*Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian!*—

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

(*Within.*) Drone, Malt-horse, Capon, Coxcomb,  
 Idiot!—  
 Dost

Dost thou conjure for Wenches, that thou call'st for  
such Store?

Thou mistak'st the House—go get thee from our Gate.

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

What Patch is made our Porter?—My Master  
stays in the Street!

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Let him walk from whence he came then, lest he  
catch Cold in his Toes.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

Who talks within there?—Ho! open the Door.

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

When, Sir, can you tell?

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

What art thou that keep'st me out of my House?

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

The Porter for this Time, Sir, and my Name is  
*Dromio*.

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

O Villain,

Thou hast stol'n both my Office and my Name,—  
Wou'd thou hadst the Beating that belongs to 'em!  
Master, knock the Door hard.

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Let him knock till it ake.

ADRIANA.

(*Within.*) Who's that at the Door that keeps all this noise?

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

O, are *you* there, Wife?—

ADRIANA.

*Your* Wife, Sir Knave! go get you from the Door, I know no Business you have here.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

Why, don't you know me?—

ADRIANA.

No, I thank Heav'n!—go where you're better welcome.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

This is beyond all Patience!  
Go fetch me Something, I'll break open the Door.

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Break any Thing here, and I'll break your Knave's Pate.—

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

Fetch me an Iron Crow directly!—

BAL-



## BALTHAZAR.

Stay, *Dromio*—and have Patience, Sir.—  
 Herein you war against your Reputation;  
 Your long Experience of your Wife's fair Conduct,  
 Plead on her Part some Cause, to you unknown,  
 Why at this Time the Doors are barr'd against you:  
 Be rul'd by me—depart in Patience,  
 And let us to the *Tyger* all to Dinner;  
 And about Evening, come yourself alone,  
 To know the Reason of this strange Restraint.

## ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

You have prevail'd; I will depart in Quiet,  
 And, in Despight of Mirth, mean to be merry.—  
 I know a Wench of excellent Discourse,  
 Witty and gay, yet modest and discreet;  
 My Wife, but I protest without Desert,  
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;  
 To her will we to Dinner.—Get you Home,

[*To Angelo.*]

And fetch the Jewel—by this I know 'tis made,—  
 Bring it, I pray you, to the *Porcupine*,  
 For there's the House—and there will I bestow it  
 Upon my pretty Hostess;—good Sir, make haste.

## ANGELO.

I'll meet you there in less than Half an Hour.

[*Exit Angelo.*]

ANTI-

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

Do so—this Jest shall cost me some Expence.

[*Exeunt Antipholis and Balthazar.*]

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

Oh that my Master had unlock'd the Door with  
an Iron Crow—then would I have pluck'd a Crow  
with the Knave within. [Exit.

## A C T II.

SCENE, ANTIPHOLIS's *House.*

*Enter* ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE, *and* LUCIANA.

LUCIANA.

And may it be that you have quite forgot  
A Husband's Kindness!—  
If you did wed my Sister for her Wealth,  
Then for her Wealth's Sake, use her with more  
Gentleness.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Sweet Mistress, (what your Name is else I know  
not)—

But if that I am I, then well I know  
Your weeping Sister is no Wife of mine—  
Against my Soul's pure Truth why labour you

To

To make it wander in an unknown Field?

LUCIANA.

What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Not mad, fair Soul, unless it be with Love—  
Sing, Syren, for thyself, and I will doat,  
And gaze with Rapture on thy spotless Charms!

LUCIANA.

Gaze where you should, and that will clear your  
Sight,  
Love me!—

Go, go, return to Duty and my Sister.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Thy Sister's Sister.

LUCIANA.

That's *my* Sister.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

No, it is thy charming Self I mean.  
Thee will I love, with thee I'll lead my Life!  
Thou hast no Husband yet, nor I no Wife;  
Give me thy Hand—

LUCIANA.

Oh, soft Sir! hold you still:  
I'll fetch my Sister, to get her Good-will.—

[Exit.

Enter



*Enter ANGELO with a Jewel Cross.*

ANGELO.

Master *Antipholis*—

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Ay, that's my Name.

ANGELO.

I know it well, Sir—here's the Jewel for you;  
I thought to have found you at the *Porcupine*—  
The Cross unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

What is your Will, Sir, I should do with this?

ANGELO.

What please yourself, Sir—I have made it for you.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Made it for me, Sir? I bespoke it not.

ANGELO.

Not once, nor twice, but twenty Times you have.  
Give it your Wife; at Supper-time I'll see you,  
And then receive my Money.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Better receive it now,  
For fear you ne'er see Cross or Money more.

ANGELO.

ANGELO.

You are a merry Man, Sir,—(*Laughing.*) Well!  
fare ye well! [*Exit.*

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

What should I think of this now?—  
I see a Man here need not live on Shifts.

*Enter* DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Why how now *Dromio*, where run'st thou so fast?

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Do you know me, Sir? am I *Dromio*? am I your  
Man? am I myself?

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my Man, thou art thyself.

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

I am an Ass, I am a Woman's Man—and besides  
myself.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

What Woman's Man, and how besides thyself?

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Marry, Sir, besides myself, I am due to a Woman;  
one that claims me, one that haunts me,—one that  
will have me.

E

ANTI-

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

What Claim lays she to thee?

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Marry, Sir, such a Claim as you would lay to your Horse—She would have me as a Beast:—not that I, being a Beast, she wou'd have me; but that she, being a very beastly Creature, lays Claim to me.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

What is she?

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

A very reverend Body—for she has a Beard like a Patriarch: I have but lean Luck in the Match, and yet she's a wondrous fat Marriage.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

How dost thou mean a fat Marriage?

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Marry, Sir, she's the Kitchen-Wench, and all Grease. I know not what Use to put her to but to make a Lamp of her, and run from her by her own Light. I warrant her Rags and the Tallow in them will burn a *Lapland* Winter: If she lives till Doomsday, she'll blaze a Week longer than the rest of the World.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Ha! ha! ha! what Complexion is she of?

DROMIO



DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Swart, like my Shoe—but her Face nothing like  
so clean kept.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

That's a Fault Water may mend.

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

No, Sir, 'tis in Grain; *Noah's Flood* cou'dn't do it.  
Sir, this Drudge, or *Diviner*, laid claim to me, call'd  
me *Dromio*, swore I was assur'd to her; told me what  
privy Signs I had about me; as the marks on my  
Shoulder, the Mole in my Neck, the great Wart  
on my left Arm; that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a  
Witch—and I think if my Breast had not been  
made of Faith, and my Heart of Steel, she had trans-  
form'd me to a Curtal-Dog, and made me turn i'the  
Wheel.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Go, haste to the Road,  
And if the Wind blow any Way from Shore,  
I will not harbour in this Town To-night.—  
If any Bark put forth, come to the Mart,  
Where I will walk till thou return to me. [Exit.]

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

As from a Bear a Man wou'd run for Life,  
I fly the Monster, that wou'd be my Wife. [Exit.]

E 3

SCENE,

SCENE, *The Street.*

*Enter* ANGELO, SECOND MERCHANT, and an  
OFFICER.

SECOND MERCHANT.

You know since Pentecost the Sum is due—  
Therefore make present Satisfaction,  
Or I'll attach you by this Officer.

ANGELO.

Even just the Sum that I do owe to you  
Is growing to me by *Antipholis*;  
Please you but walk with me down to his House,  
I will discharge my Bond, and thank you too.

OFFICER.

That Labour you may save; see, where he comes.

*Enter* ANTIPHOLIS of EPHESUS and DROMIO of  
EPHESUS.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHESUS.

While I go to the Goldsmith's House, go thou  
and buy a Rope's End; that will I bestow among  
my Wife's Confederates, for locking me out of  
Doors To-day. [*Exit Dromio.*

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHESUS.

(*Seeing Angela.*) A man is well help up that trusts  
to you.  
I promis'd me your Presence and the Jewel.

ANGELO.

ANGELO.

Saving your merry Humour, here's the Note of it,—  
Which does amount to Three odd Ducats more  
Than I stand debted to this Gentleman;  
I pray you see him presently discharg'd,  
For he is bound to Sea, and stays but for it.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

Good Signior, take the Stranger to my House,  
And with you take the Cross, and bid my Wife  
Disburse the Sum on the Receipt thereof—  
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

ANGELO.

Then you will bring the Cross to her yourself.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

No, bear it with you, lest I come not Time enough.

ANGELO.

Well, Sir, I will—have you the Cross about you?

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

An if I have it not, Sir, I hope you have,—  
Or else you may return without your Money.

ANGELO.

You know I gave it you not Half an Hour since.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

You gave me none—you wrong me much to say so.

ANGELO.



ANGELO.

—This touches me in Reputation!—  
Either consent to pay the Sum for me,  
Or I'll attach you by this Officer.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

Consent to pay for That I never had!  
Arrest me, foolish Fellow, if thou dar'st.—

ANGELO.

Here is thy Fee—arrest him, Officer.

OFFICER.

I do arrest you, Sir; you hear the Suit.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

I do obey thee till I give thee Bail;—  
But, Sirrah, you shall buy this Sport as dear  
As all the Metal in your Shop will answer.

ANGELO.—*Will Sir I will.*

Sir, Sir, I shall have Law in *Ephesus*,  
To your notorious Shame, I doubt it not!

*[Exeunt Angelo and Merchant.]*

*Enter* DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Master, there is a Bark of *Epidamnum*  
That stays but for her Owner and yourself,  
Then

Then, Sir, she bears away. Our freightage, Sir,  
I have convey'd aboard—

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

How now, a Madman! Why, thou peevish Sheep,  
What Ship of *Epidamnium* stays for me?

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

A Ship you sent me to, to hire Waftage.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

Thou drunken Slave, I sent thee for a Rope,  
And told thee to what Purpose, and what End.

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

You sent me for a Rope's End as soon—  
You sent me to the Bay, Sir, for a Bark.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

I will debate this Matter at more Leisure—  
Home to my Wife, thou Villain, hie thee strait;  
Give her this Key, and tell her in the Desk  
There is a Purse of Ducats,—let her send it;  
Tell her I am arrested in the Street,  
And that shall bail me—hie thee, Slave, be gone!

[Exit Dromio.

On, Officer, to Prison, till it come.

[Exeunt Antipholis and Officer.

SCENE,

SCENE, *The Street.**Enter* ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

There's not a Man I meet but doth salute me  
 As if I was his well-acquainted Friend:  
 And every One doth call me by my Name!—  
 Some tender Money to me; some invite me;  
 Some offer me Commodities to buy;—  
 Ev'n now a Taylor call'd me to his Shop,  
 And shew'd me Silks that he had bought for me,  
 And therewithal took Measure of my Body.—  
 Sure these are but imaginary Wiles,  
 And *Lapland* Sorcerers inhabit here!

*Enter* DROMIO of SYRACUSE, *running.*

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Master, here's the Gold you sent me for—have  
 not I made Haste?

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

What Gold is this?—

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

The Gold you sent me for, to your *Wife*, as you  
 call'd her—where we *din'd* To-day;—nay, an  
 you like it not, Sir, let me keep it—I'd rather it  
 were



were mine, than that rascally Shoulder-clapper should have it.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

What meanst thou?

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Why, Sir, I mean him in the Buff Jerkin that arrested you.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Well, Sir, there rest in your Foolery—  
Is there any Ship puts forth To-night? may we be gone?

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Why, Sir, I brought you word before, that the Bark *Expedition* puts forth To-night,—and then were you hinder'd by the Serjeant to tarry for the Hoy, *Delay*—here are the Angels you sent for to deliver you.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

The Fellow is distracted—so am I,  
And here we wander in Illusions—  
Some blessed Pow'r deliver us from hence!

*Enter* HOSTESS.

HOSTESS.

Well met, well met, Master *Antipholis*;

## THE TWINS:

I see, Sir, you have found the Goldsmith now;—  
Is that the Crofs you promis'd me To-day?

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not.

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Master, is this Mistress Satan?

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

It is the Devil.

HOSTESS.

Your Man and you are marvellous merry, Sir;—  
Will you go with me? we'll mend our Dinner here.

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Master, if you expect Spoon-Meat, bespeak a long  
Spoon.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Why, *Dromio*?

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Marry, he must have a long Spoon that eats with  
the Devil.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Avoid then, Fiend, what tell'st thou me of Supping?  
Thou art—as you are all—a Sorcerers!

Host-

HOSTESS.

Give me the Ring of mine you had at Dinner,  
Or for my Diamond, else, the Cross you promis'd.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Avaunt thou Witch! come, *Dromio*, let's begone—

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Master, I follow—Devil, I defy thee!

[*Exeunt.*]

HOSTESS.

Now out of doubt *Antipholis* is mad,  
Else he would never so demean himself:  
A Ring of mine he hath worth Forty Ducats,  
And for the same he promis'd me a Cross —  
My Way is, now, to hie Home to his House,  
And tell his Wife, that, being lunatic,  
He rush'd into my House, and took away  
My Ring per Force:—This course I fittest chuse,  
For Forty Ducats is too much to lose.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE, *The Street.*

*Enter* ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS and OFFICER.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

My Wife is in a wayward Mood To-day,  
And will not lightly trust the Messenger:

E 2

Here



Here comes my Man—I think he brings the Money.

*Enter DROMIO of EPHEsus.*

How now, Sir, have you that I sent you for?

DROMIO of EPHEsus.

Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all?

*[Giving a Rope.]*

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEsus.

But where's the Money?

DROMIO of EPHEsus.

Why, Sir, I gave the Money for the Rope.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEsus.

Five Hundred Ducats, Villain, for a Rope?

DROMIO of EPHEsus.

I'll serve you, Sir, Five Hundred at the Rate.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEsus.

To what end did I bid thee hie thee Home?—

DROMIO of EPHEsus.

To a Rope's End, Sir—and to that End am I return'd.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEsus.

And to that End, Sir, will I welcome thee!

*[Beats Dromio.]*

OFFICER.

Good Sir, be patient.

DROMIO

DROMIO of EPHEsus.

Nay 'tis for me to be patient; I am in Adversity.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEsus.

Thou whoreson, senseless Villain!—

DROMIO of EPHEsus.

I wou'd I were senseless, Sir, that I might not feel your Blows.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEsus.

Come, go along, my Wife is coming yonder.

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, HOSTESS, PINCH, and Attendants.*

DROMIO of EPHEsus.

Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your End—or rather beware the Rope's End.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEsus.

Wilt thou still prate! [Beats him again.

HOSTESS.

How say you now, is not your Husband mad?

ADRIANA.

His Incivility confirms no less:—  
Good Doctor *Pinch*, I prithee speak to him.

LUCIANA.

## THE TWINS:

LUCIANA.

Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

PINCH.

Give me your Hand, and let me feel your Pulse.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

There is my Hand, and let it feel your Ear.

*[Striking him.]*

PINCH.

I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this Man,  
To yield Possession to my holy Prayers!

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

You Minion, you, are these your Customers?  
Did this Companion, with the Saffron Face,  
Revel and feast it in my House To-day,  
Whilst upon me the guilty Doors were shut?

ADRIANA.

Oh, Husband! heav'n doth know you din'd at  
Home!

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

Din'd I at Home? thou Villain, what say'st thou?

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at Home.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

Were not my Doors shut up, and I lock'd out?

DROMIO



DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

Perdie, your Doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

And did not I in Rage depart from thence?

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

In Verity you did—my Bones bear Witness,  
That since have felt the Vigour of your Rage.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

Thou hast suborn'd the Goldsmith to arrest me.—

ADRIANA.

Alas, I sent you Money to redeem you,  
By *Dromio* here, who came in Haste for it.

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

Money by me! Heart and Goodwill you might,  
But surely, Master, not a Rag of Money.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

Went'st thou not to her for a Purse of Ducats?

ADRIANA.

He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

LUCIANA.

And I am Witness with her that she did.

DROMIO

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

Heav'n, and the Rope-maker, do bear me Witness  
That I was sent for nothing but a Rope.—

PINCH.

Mistress, both Man and Master are possess'd!

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth To-day,  
And why dost thou deny the Bag of Gold?

ADRIANA.

I did not, gentle Husband, lock thee forth.

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

And, gentle Master, I receiv'd no Gold;  
But I confess—that we were both lock'd out.

ADRIANA.

Dissembling Villain, thou art false in both.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

Dissembling Harlot, thou art false in all!  
But with these Hands I'll tear out those false Eyes—

ADRIANA.

Oh bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

*[They bind him.]*

PINCH.

More Company! the Fiend is strong within him!

ANTI-

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

What, will you murder me?—thou, Officer,  
I am thy Prisoner,—wilt thou suffer them  
To make a Rescue?

OFFICER.

He is my Pris'ner; if I let him go,  
The Debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

ADRIANA.

I will discharge it ere I go from thee—  
Good Master Doctor, see him safe convey'd  
Home to my House—Oh most unhappy Day!

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

Oh most unhappy Strumpet!

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

Master,—I'm here enter'd in Bond for you.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

Out on thee, Villain, wherefore dost thou mad me?

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

Will you be bound for Nothing? be mad, good  
Master,—cry out the Devil! Fire! Flames! Murder!

*[They are hurried off.]*

ADRIANA, LUCIANA.

Alas, poor Souls!—

*[Exeunt.]*

G

A C T



## A C T III.

SCENE, *a Street before a Priory.**Enter ANGELO and SECOND MERCHANT.*

ANGELO.

I'm sorry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you,  
 But I protest he had the Cross of me,  
 Tho' most dishonestly he doth deny it.

SECOND MERCHANT.

Speak softly; yonder, as I think, he walks.

ANGELO.

'Tis so, and that same Cross about his Neck;  
 I'll speak to him.

*Enter ANTIPHOLIS and DROMIO of SYRACUSE.*

Signior *Antipholis*, I wonder much  
 That you would put me to this Shame and Trouble;  
 Besides, you have done Wrong to this my Friend,  
 Who, but for staying on our Controversy,  
 Had hoisted Sail, and put to Sea To-day;  
 That Cross you had of me, can you deny it?

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

I think I had, I never did deny it.

SECOND MERCHANT.

Yes that you did, Sir, and forswore it too.

ANTI-

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

SECOND MERCHANT.

These Ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.  
Fy on thee, Wretch! 'tis Pity that thou liv'st  
To walk where any honest Men resort.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

Thou art a Villain to impeach me thus;  
I'll prove my Honour and my Honesty  
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st to stand.

SECOND MERCHANT.

I dare, and do defy thee for a Villain.

*[They fight.]*

*Enter* ADRIANA, LUCIANA, HOSTESS, &c.

ADRIANA.

Hold, hurt him not, for Heav'n's Sake! he is mad!  
Some get within him, take his Sword away:  
Bind *Dromio* too.

*[They attempt to disarm him, but he keeps them off.]*

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Run, Master, run—for Heav'n's Sake take a House;  
This is some Priory—in, or we are spoil'd.

*[Exeunt Antipholis and Dromio to the Priory.]*

G 2

ADRIANA.

ADRIANA.

Alas, alas, how came they loose again?

LUCIANA.

Let's call more Help to have them bound anew.

*Enter LADY ABBESS from the Priory.*

ABBESS.

Be quiet, People, wherefore throng you hither?

ADRIANA.

To fetch my poor, distracted Husband hence.

ANGELO.

I knew he was not in his perfect Wits.

SECOND MERCHANT.

I'm sorry now that I did draw on him.

ABBESS.

How long hath this Possession held the Man?

ADRIANA.

This Week he hath been heavy, fow'r, and sad;  
But till this Afternoon his Passion  
Ne'er brake into Extremity of Rage.

ABBESS.

Hath he not lost much Wealth by Wreck at Sea?—  
Bury'd some dear Friend?—Hath not, else, his Eye  
Stray'd



Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?—  
Which of these Sorrows is he subject to?

ADRIANA.

To none of these, except it be the last,  
Namely, some Love, that drew him oft from Home.

ABBESS.

You shou'd for that have reprehended him.

ADRIANA.

And so I did.

ABBESS.

Ay, but not rough enough.

ADRIANA.

As roughly as my Modesty would let me.

ABBESS.

Ay, but not enough.

ADRIANA.

In Bed, he slept not for my urging it;  
At Board, he fed not for my urging it;  
Alone, it was the Subject of my Theme;  
In Company, I often glanc'd at it;  
Still did I tell him it was base and vile.

ABBESS.

And therefore came it that the man was mad.

The

The venom'd Clamour of a jealous Woman  
 Poisons more deadly than a mad Dog's Tooth.  
 It seems his Sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;  
 And therefore comes it that his Head is light.  
 Thou say'st his Meat was sauc'd by thy Upbraidings;  
 Unquiet Meals make ill Digestions,—  
 Therefore the raging Fire of Fever bred;  
 And what's a Fever but a Fit of Madness?  
 Thou say'st his Sports were hinder'd by thy Brawls;  
 Sweet Recreation barr'd, what doth ensue  
 But moody and dull Melancholy,  
 Kinsman to grim and comfortless Despair!  
 In Food, in Sport, and Life-preserving Rest,  
 To be disturb'd, wou'd mad or Man or Beast:—  
 The Consequence is, then, thy jealous Fits  
 Have scar'd thy Husband from the use of Reason.—

LUCIANA.

She never reprehended him but mildly:  
 Why bear you these Rebukes and answer not?

ADRIANA.

She did betray me to my own Reproof.—  
 Good people, enter, and lay hold of him.

ABBESS.

No, not a Creature enter in my House.—

ADRIANA.

Then let your Servants bring my Husband forth.

ABBESS.

ABBESS.

Neither—he took this Place for Sanctuary;  
And it shall privilege him from your Hands,  
Till I have brought him to his Wits again,  
Or lose my Labour in essaying it:  
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

ADRIANA.

I will not hence, and leave my Husband here,  
And ill it doth beseem your Holiness  
To separate the Husband and the Wife!

ABBESS.

Be quiet, and depart; thou shalt not have him.  
[Exit Abbess.]

LUCIANA.

Complain unto the Duke of this Indignity.

SECOND MERCHANT.

By this, I think, the Dial points at Five:  
Anon, I'm sure the Duke himself in Person  
Comes this Way to the melancholy Vale,  
To see a reverend Syracusan Merchant,  
Who put unluckily into this Bay  
Against the Laws and Statutes of the Town,  
Beheaded publicly for his Offence.

ANGELO.

See where they come; we will behold his Death.

LUCIANA.



LUCIANA.

Kneel to the Duke before he pass the Abbey.

*Enter* DUKE, ÆGEON bareheaded, Jailor, &c.

DUKE.

Yet once again proclaim it publicly,  
If any Friend will pay the Sum for him,  
He shall not die.

ADRIANA,

[*Kneeling.*

Justice, most sacred Duke, against the Abbess.

DUKE.

She is a virtuous and a reverend Lady;  
It cannot be that she has done thee Wrong.

ADRIANA.

May it please your Grace, *Antipholis*, my Husband—  
'This Day a desp'rate Fit of Madness seiz'd him,  
That violently he hurry'd thro' the Street,  
Doing Displeasure to the Citizens:  
Once did I get him bound, and sent him Home;  
Whilst to take Order for the Wrongs I went  
That here and there his Fury had committed:  
Anon, I know not by what strange Escape,  
He broke from those that had the Guard of him,  
And here I met him, drawn upon this Merchant.—  
We

We strove again to bind him; but he fled  
 Into this Abbey, whither we pursu'd him;  
 And here the Abbess shuts the Gates on us,  
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out.—

DUKE.

Go, some of you, knock at the Abbey Gate;  
 And bid the Lady Abbess come to me;  
 I will determine this before I stir.

*[Exit one to the Priory.]*

*Enter* MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

O Mistress, Mistress, fly and save yourself.  
 My Master and his Man are both broke loose,  
 Beaten the Servants all, and bound the Doctor;  
 And sure, unless you send some present Help,  
 Between them they will kill the Conjuror.

ADRIANA.

Peace, fool, thy Master and his man are *here*,  
 And this is false thou dost report to us.

MESSENGER.

Mistress, upon my Life, I tell you true,—  
 I have not breath'd almost since I did see it;  
 He calls for you, and vows Revenge upon you.

*[A Cry heard.]*

Hark, hark, I hear him! Mistress, fly, be gone!

*[Exit Mes.]*

H

DUKE.

DUKE.

Come, stand by me—fear nothing.—

ADRIANA,

Ah me, it is my Husband ; witness you  
That he is borne about invisible.  
Even now we hous'd him in the Abbey here,  
And now he's there, past Thought of human Reason.

*Enter ANTIPHOLIS and DROMIO of EPHEBUS.*

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

Justice, most gracious Duke, oh grant me Justice !

ÆGEON.

Unless the Fear of Death doth make me doat,  
I see my Son *Antipholis* and *Dromio* ! *[Aside.*

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

Justice, sweet Prince, against that Woman there,  
That hath abused and dishour'd me,  
Even in the Strength and Height of Injury.

DUKE.

Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

This Day, great Sir, she shut the Doors upon me,  
Whilst she with Harlots feasted in my House.

DUKE.



DUKE.

A grievous Fault! say, Woman, didst thou so?

ADRIANA.

No, good my Lord—myself, he, and my Sister,  
To-day did dine together, so befall my Soul!

LUCIANA.

Ne'er may I look on Day, nor sleep on Night,  
But she tells to your Highness simple Truth.

ANGELO.

O perjur'd Woman! They are both forsworn;  
In this the Madman justly chargeth them.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

My Liege, I am advised what I say:  
This Woman lock'd me out To-day from Dinner;  
That Goldsmith, there, was with me at the Time,  
And parted from me to go fetch a Cross,  
Promising to bring it to the *Porcupine*,  
Where I and *Balthazar* did dine together.—

ANGELO.

My Lord, in Truth thus far I witness him,  
That he din'd not at Home, but was lock'd out,

DUKE.

But had he such a Cross of thee, or no?

H 2

ANGELO.

ANGELO.

He had, my Lord—and when he ran in here,  
These People saw the Cross about his Neck.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

I never came within these Abbey Walls,  
Nor ever saw the Cross—so help me Heav'n!

DUKE.

Why, what an intricate Impeach is this!  
If here you hous'd him, here he wou'd have been,  
You say he din'd at Home;—the Goldsmith there  
Denies that Saying—Sirrah, what say you?

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

Sir, he din'd with her, there, at the *Porcupine*,

HOSTESS.

He did, and from my Finger snatch'd that Ring,

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

'Tis true, my Liege, this Ring I had of her,

DUKE.

Saw'st thou him enter at the Abbey here.

HOSTESS.

As sure, my Liege, as I do see your Grace,

DUKE.

Why this is strange—go call the Abbess hither;  
I

I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

[Exit one to the Abbess.

ÆGEON.

Most mighty *Duke*, vouchsafe me speak a Word;  
Haply I see a Friend will save my Life,  
And pay the Sum that may deliver me.

DUKE.

Speak freely, *Syracusan*, what thou wilt.

ÆGEON.

Is not your Name, Sir, called *Antipholis*,  
And is not that your Bondman *Dromio*?

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

Within this Hour I was his Bondman, Sir;  
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my Cords,—  
Now I am *Dromio*, and his Man unbound.

ÆGEON.

Why look you strange on me? you know me well,

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

I never saw you in my Life till now.

ÆGEON.

Oh, Grief hath chang'd me since thou saw'st me  
last!

But tell me, yet, dost thou not know my Voice?

ANTI-



ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

Neither.

ÆGEON.

*Dromio*, nor thou?

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

No, trust me, Sir, not I!—

ÆGEON.

Not know my Voice!—Oh Time's Extremity,  
Hast thou so crack'd and splitt'd my poor Tongue  
In sev'n short Years, that here my only Son  
Knows not my feeble Key of untun'd Cares!—  
But sev'n Years since, in *Syracusa's* Bay,  
Thou know'st, we parted—but perhaps, my Son,  
Thou sham'st t'acknowledge me in Misery.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

I never saw my Father in my Life—  
But yet the *Duke*, and all that know me here,  
Can witness with me that this is not so,—  
For never yet beheld I *Syracusa*.

*Enter ABBESS with* ANTIPHOLIS and DROMIO  
of SYRACUSE.

ABBESS.

Most Mighty Duke, behold a Man much wrong'd.

ADRIANA.

ADRIANA.

I see two Husbands, or my Eyes deceive me!

DUKE.

One of these Men is Genius to the other!  
Which is the nat'ral Man, and which the Spirit?

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

I, Sir, am *Dromio*; command him away.

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

I, Sir, am *Dromio*—pray let me stay.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

*Ægeon*, art thou not, or else his Ghost?—  
My Father! [*Falls at Ægeon's Feet.*]

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

O my old Master! who hath bound him here?

ABBESS.

Whoever bound him, I will loose his Bonds.  
Speak, old *Ægeon*, if thou beest the Man  
That had a Wife once call'd *Æmilia*,  
That bore thee at a Burden two fair Sons:  
Oh, if thou beest the same *Ægeon*, speak,—  
And speak unto the same *Æmilia*.

ÆGEON.

If I dream not, thou art *Æmilia*!—

If thou art she, tell me where is that Son,  
That floated with thee on the fatal Raft?

ÆMILIA.

By men of *Epidamnium* he and I,  
And the Twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;  
But by and by rude Fishermen of *Corinth*  
By Force took *Dromio* and my Son from them,  
And me they left with those of *Epidamnium*;  
What then became of them I cannot tell,—  
Tho' sure I'm blest in both my Boys again!

[*Embraces her Sons.*]

DUKE.

*Antipholis*, thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

No, Sir, not I; I came from *Syracusa*.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

I came from *Corinth*, my most gracious Lord.

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

And I with him!—

ADRIANA.

Which, of you two, did dine with me To-day?

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

I, gentle Mistress:—

ADRIANA.



ADRIANA.

You are my Husband, then?

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

No, I say Nay to that.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

And so do I—yet she did call me so;  
And this fair Gentlewoman, her Sister here,  
Did call me Brother.—What I told you then,  
[To Luciana.  
I hope I shall be blest in making good.

LUCIANA.

Why, *now*, you'll stand a little better Chance for't.

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

This Purse of Ducats I receiv'd from you;  
[To Adriana.

This Croſs from you, for which I'll ſatisfy you:  
[To Angelo.  
I ſee we ſtill did meet each other's Man,  
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me.—

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

Theſe Ducats pawn I for my Father here.

DUKE.

It ſhall not need, thy Father hath his Life.

I

Host-

HOSTESS.

Sir, I must have that Diamond from you.

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

There take it; and much Thanks for thy good Cheer.

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

Master, shall I fetch your Stuff from Shipboard?

ANTIPHOLIS of EPHEBUS.

*Dromio*, what Stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

ANTIPHOLIS of SYRACUSE.

He speaks to me,—I am your Master, *Dromio*:  
We'll look to that anon—embrace thy Brother,  
Get you in there, and rejoice with him.—

*[The Antipholis's and the rest of the Company retire  
up the Stage.]*

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

Methinks you are my Glass, and not my Brother,  
I see, by you, I am a sweet-fac'd Youth:—  
Will you walk in?

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Not I, Sir! you are my Elder.

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

That's a Question:  
How shall I try it?

DROMIO

A F A R C E.

67

DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

We'll draw Cuts for the Senior :  
Till then, lead thou first.—

DROMIO of EPHEBUS.

Nay then thus— [Embracing.  
We came into the World, like Brother and Brother,  
Now let's go Hand in Hand—

BOTH.

—Not one before another.

[Exeunt.

ÆMILIA,

Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the Pains  
To go with us into the Abbey here,  
And hear at large discoursed all our Fortunes.  
The Story may be worth a serious Hearing :  
'Twill prove, the Virtuous never should Despair ;

*For oft the Troubles, which we call amifs,  
Serve to improve the Taste of future Bliss.*

THE END.